

# L I F E



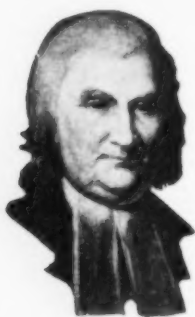
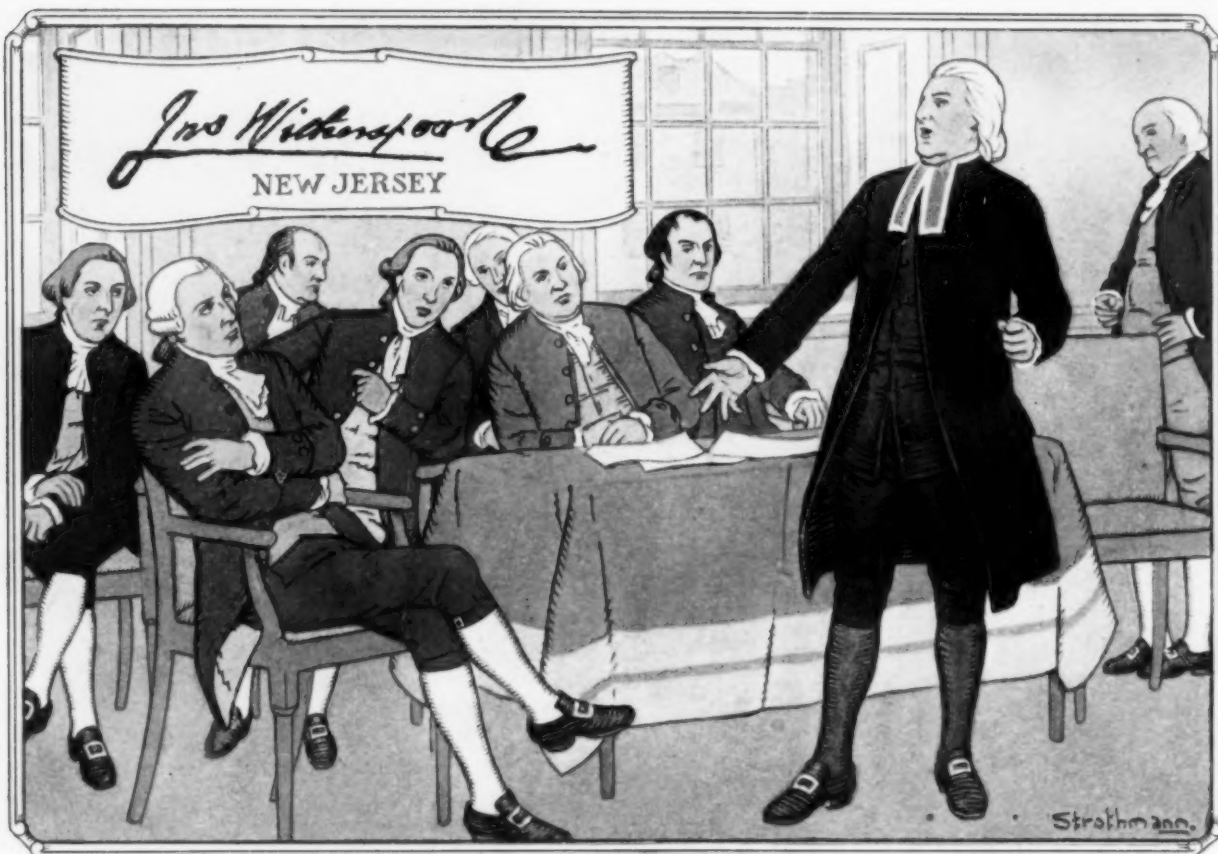
M P

JANUARY 31, 1924

*A Good Mixer*

PRICE 15 CENTS





JOHN WITHERSPOON (1722-1794) Born in Scotland. Son of a Minister. Graduate of Edinburgh Doctor of Divinity. President of College of New Jersey. Teacher and Writer. Continental Congress 1776-1783.

Your request will bring, with our compliments, a little book containing a thumbnail biography, portrait, and signatures of all fifty-six signers together with a miniature facsimile of the original Declaration.

**T**HE simplest and yet most complete estate you can leave your family is Monthly Income Life Insurance. The Prudential issues this in various forms to run as many years as you wish, or for the lifetime of your beneficiary. It meets the Needs as the Needs arise. Ask us for particulars.

## The Sixth President of Princeton

JOHN WITHERSPOON, a sturdy, scrappy Scotchman, with a "D.D." fresh from the University of Aberdeen in his pocket, had calls from all over the world—from Dundee, Dublin, and the little College of New Jersey. Being pious, patriotic, and a Presbyterian, he naturally chose Princeton, where he delivered a rousing inaugural sermon—in Latin—on the union of piety and science.

Indomitable courage and hard work soon made this Scotch scholar one of the most notable of those who sought American freedom.

No matter how gloomy the outlook, John Witherspoon was always confident. One hot day during the debate on the Declaration of Independence a timid delegate was deprecating prompt ratification because, he feared, "we are not ripe for revolution."

Drawing himself up to his great height, the Reverend Doctor Witherspoon interrupted, "Not ripe! sir. We are not only ripe but rotting!"

*Love of country, like love of family, is noble. But neither quality means much without appropriate action. Men like John Witherspoon left a nation to your family. What will you leave to ensure your family enjoying this great heritage in comfort and safety?*

## THE PRUDENTIAL INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA

EDWARD D. DUFFIELD  
President



HOME OFFICE: NEWARK  
New Jersey

IF EVERY WIFE KNEW WHAT EVERY WIDOW KNOWS — EVERY HUSBAND WOULD BE INSURED





## How much would you guess these sixteen wonderful songs from grand opera are worth?

What would you consider the most remarkable bargain in phonograph records ever offered? How much would you gladly pay for all SIXTEEN of these famous songs, complete, from GRAND OPERA—the world's most beautiful music—selections that sell in some cases for THREE DOLLARS EACH! Every record is 10-inch size, BRAND NEW and GUARANTEED of as fine quality as any records made, at any price! Make your estimate of what a real bargain price would be, then read below what the actual price is, and how this astonishing offer can be made.

### Here is the list, sixteen selections on eight 10-inch double-face records

#### Celeste Aida—Aida

This song is perhaps the most beautiful in one of the greatest operas of all times.

#### La Donna e Mobile—Rigoletto

Here is perhaps the most popular piece that Verdi ever wrote.

#### Prologue—I Pagliacci

Leoncavallo was never able to write another opera equal to I Pagliacci.

#### M'Appari—Martha

"M'Appari" means "like a dream," and one imagines oneself in a dream, listening to this sublime air.

#### Barcarolle—Tales of Hoffmann

The rhythm and beauty of this enchanting melody appeal to all who hear its exquisite passages.

#### Quartette—Rigoletto

Verdi's "Rigoletto" never fails to draw crowded houses at all theatres whenever performed.

#### Sextette—Lucia

This is one of the most famous songs in all opera.

#### I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls—Bohemian Girl

"I Dreamt I Dwelt in Marble Halls" has been famous from the day it was first sung.

#### Medley—Pinafore

When you hear "I'm Called Little Buttercup," "Captain of the Pinafore" and other selections you will agree that here is a selection that will be among the most favored in your library.

#### Habanera—Carmen

"Habanera" ("Love Is a Wood-bird Wild") is the air Carmen sings to her lover, Don Jose.

#### My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice—Samson and Delilah

Who does not know this captivating aria, sung by the seductive Delilah to Samson in her efforts to make him betray his plans?

#### Vesti la Giubba—I Pagliacci

This number is the most popular song of this opera.

#### Soldiers' Chorus—Faust

"The Soldiers' Chorus," together with the "Anvil Chorus" from "Il Trovatore" (which we have also recorded) are beyond question the two greatest concerted male pieces in all opera.

#### Caro Nome—Rigoletto

"Caro Nome," which means "Dearest Name," is the leading soprano aria from "Rigoletto."

#### Anvil Chorus—Il Trovatore

This rousing martial song occurs as the opening piece of Act II where the curtain rises upon a gypsy camp and the entire band joins in singing an air that stirs the pulse and rouses the imagination of all who hear it.

#### Medley—Mikado

One cannot pick a particular air from the "Mikado" as being better than the others. So, in this medley, we record snatches from them all.

## Now Note the Price—And Free Examination Offer

THINK of getting ALL SIXTEEN of these wonderful selections from Grand Opera for the trifling sum of only \$2.98 plus the few pennies for delivery. These are full size 10-INCH records, sung by really great artists with full orchestral accompaniment.

Is it any wonder that this offer seems too good to be true? At first glance it might seem that there must be a "catch" somewhere. But it is easily explained:

The National Music Lovers, Inc., manufactures in SETS ONLY and sells DIRECT TO PHONOGRAPH OWNERS. Each customer, therefore, saves the usual 50% allowed to dealers and jobbers.

Nothing we can say about these Grand Opera records can tell you ONE-TENTH as much as HEARING them in your own home, on your own phonograph. That is why we say: let us send you this complete set of SIXTEEN selections on eight double-faced 10-INCH records for 10 days' trial. Judge for yourself! Do not send a penny now. When the package arrives give the postman \$2.98 plus the few pennies for delivery charges, then TRY THE RECORDS. If you are not completely and thoroughly satisfied, if you are disappointed in the slightest degree for ANY reason, SEND THE SET BACK and every penny you have paid will be refunded AT ONCE, without question.

### NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc.

Dept. 1961, 354 Fourth Ave.

New York

#### NATIONAL MUSIC LOVERS, Inc.

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Please send me your collection of "16 World-Famous Operatic Songs." I will give the postman \$2.98 plus few cents delivery charges on arrival. This is not to be considered a purchase, however. If the records do not come up to my expectation, I reserve the right to return them at any time within 10 days and you will refund my money at once.

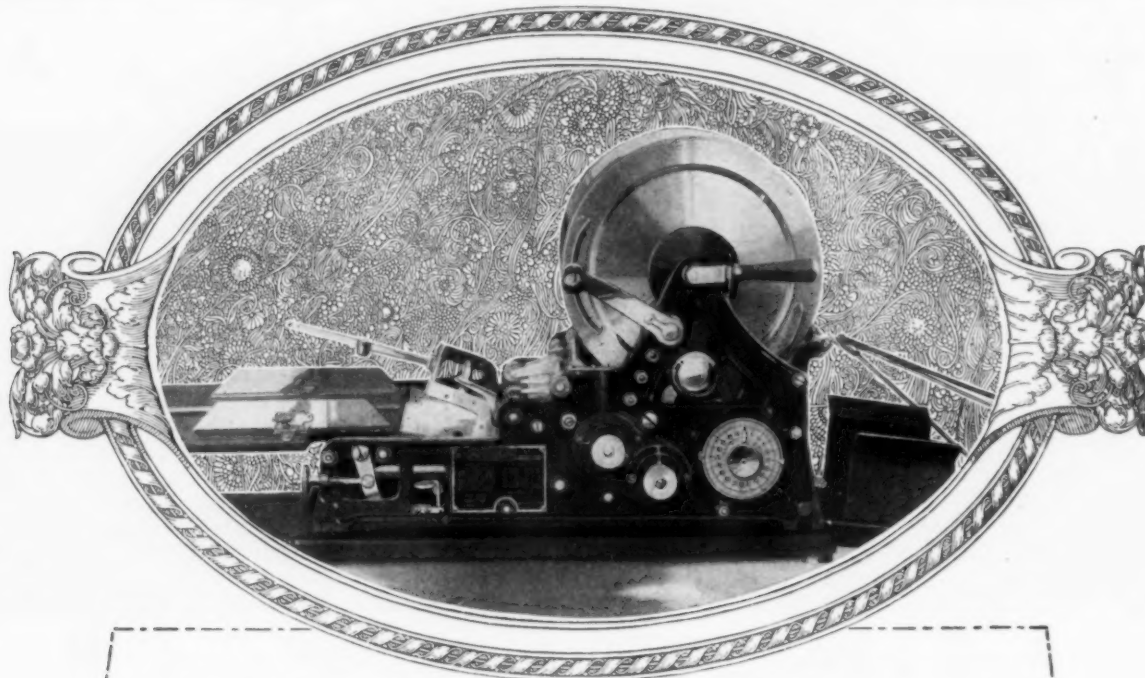
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☐ If you like dance hits you may also care to have the four latest and biggest Fox Trot hits recorded by famous Broadway dance orchestras. These have been placed on two TEN-INCH "National" Records and include the following: "I Love You," "What Do You Do Sunday, Mary?" "Annabelle" and "Somebody's Wrong." If you care to have these Fox Trots in ADDITION to the set of Grand Opera songs place an X in the square at the left. The price is only 89c for all four selections. SOLD ONLY with the Opera Sets—not sold separately.





This is not merely a machine;  
it is one of the world's greatest  
conservers of time and money

Not only is it economizing millions every year for American manufacturers, distributors and educational institutions—

But it is helping to do a large amount of new and aggressive forward-work that could not be done without its use.

We know of one recent instance where the Mimeograph saved more than its cost in a single week.

And it is making a conspicuous mark just now in short-cutting ponderous systems and simplifying intricate problems.

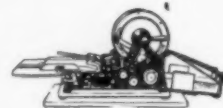
Every hour of the working day it easily turns out five thousand

splendidly printed copies of a form letter, bulletin, diagram, or kindred matter, at a cost so small that it is practically negligible.

In a simple way it reproduces tracings and drawings on the same sheet with typewriting.

It brings to any institution, large or small, the speediest and most economical means of duplicating factory forms, office blanks, rate sheets, questionnaires, plans and the grist of the day's inspirations.

Our booklet "W-1" will show you how it makes dollars by saving them. Sent free on request by the A. B. Dick Company, Chicago.





JAN 29 1924

# Life

## Verse for a Certain Dog

SUCH glorious faith as fills your limpid eyes,  
Dear little friend of mine, I never knew.  
All-innocent are you, and yet all-wise.

(For heaven's sake, stop worrying that shoe!)

You look about, and all you see is fair;

This mighty globe was made for you alone.

Of all the thunderous ages, you're the heir.

(Get off the pillow with that dirty bone!)

A skeptic world you face with steady gaze;

High in young pride you hold your noble head;

Gayly you meet the rush of roaring days.

(Must you eat puppy biscuit on the bed?)

Lancelike your courage, gleaming swift and strong,

Yours the white rapture of a winged soul,

Yours is a spirit like a May-day song.

(God help you, if you break the goldfish bowl!)

"Whatever is, is good," your gracious creed.

You wear your joy of living like a crown.

Love lights your simplest act, your every deed.

(Drop it, I tell you—put that kitten down!)

You are God's kindest gift of all,—a friend.

Your shining loyalty unflecked by doubt,

You ask but leave to follow to the end.

(Now I suppose I've got to take you out!)

*Dorothy Parker.*



"I TOOK ALL THE RATTLES OUT OF YOUR CAR, SIR—AND HERE'S WHAT'S LEFT!"





### Mr. Klebœ's Clinker

No. 5—Mr. Klebœ finally decides that the lack of a proper costume has kept him from getting at the clinker which has been in his furnace since Dec. 12, 1921. With new equipment, he hopes to announce dislodgment of the clinker in next week's LIFE.

### Man, the Hunter

SCENE: A Hotel Barber Shop.

A MAN (seating himself at manicurist's table): Nice day, isn't it?

THE MANICURIST: 'Slovely day. I'll bet it'd be nice driving through th' country to-day—or to-night, either.

THE MAN: I daresay. (Hurriedly, as an afterthought.) Business keeps me pretty well tied to town these days.

THE MANICURIST: Men has it so much nicer than women. All we got to do is somethin' like me, amputatin' cuticle. (Pause.) A girl can't go to th' places she wants to go, unless a man asks her. It ain't refined.

THE MAN: No indeed.

THE MANICURIST: Not that men doan' ask me places, but then a girl can't accept invitations from every Tom, Dick and Harry. It ain't refined.

THE MAN: Yes, yes; quite so.

THE MANICURIST: Of course, now, there's some men you can tell is gentlemen the minute you see them.

THE MAN: I daresay. (After a contemplative silence.) I daresay.

THE MANICURIST: I hear the new show at the Gaiety is a knockout.

THE MAN: I daresay. I'm not much for the theatre.

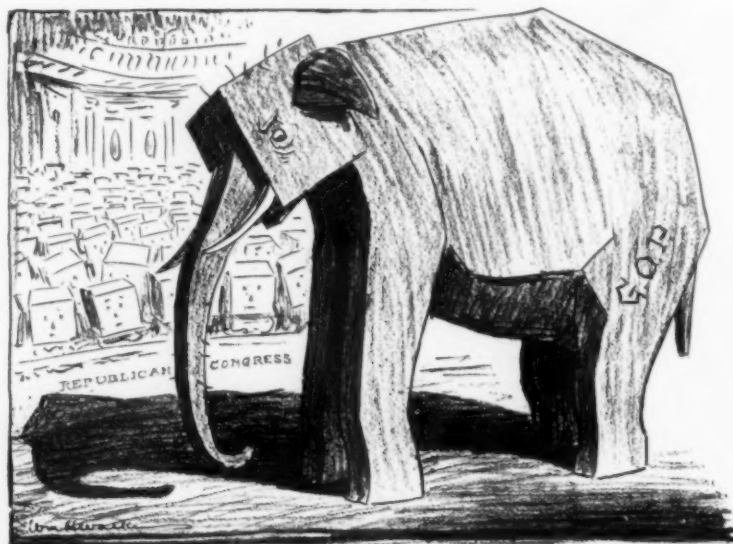
(The job finished, the Man goes out.)

THE MANICURIST (to the Head Barber): You see that ol' bird jus' goin'

out? He was crazy to take me to dinner to-night. Talked about nothin' else. But I turned him down flat. I doan' believe in a young lady goin' out with an ol' man. It ain't refined.

THE HEAD BARBER: Naw!

James K. McGuinness.



THE GRAND OLD BLOC PARTY

### Life Lines

PERHAPS the winner of the Bok prize will now suggest a way to restore peace in the Episcopal Church.

⌋

It is altogether fitting that the Bok prize-winner should remain temporarily anonymous. He deserves a few minutes' peace.

⌋

An expedition has been sent out to dig up the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, which will be a relief to those who are tired of hearing the inside dope about Hollywood.

⌋

At last reports the German mark had lost everything but its news value.

⌋

The Prussian State Ministry says that "Hohenzollern" was only a borrowed name, but we are sure that the original owners don't want it back.

⌋

It is a good thing that Ford decided to withdraw from the running. There are enough flivvers in the race as it is.

⌋

More than fifty-six million dimes and forty-one million nickels were coined by the United States Mint last year. Congratulations should be addressed to the Woolworth stores.

⌋

During leap year, the Skeptics' Society hopes to double the membership of its ladies' auxiliary.





"MOTHER, THEY WANT ME TO JOIN THEIR CLUB, AND BE NAUSEATED TO-MORROW, CAN I?"

## Food for Slaughter

IN 5000 A.D. they fought the Ideal War. It started when some one stepped on the Chinese President's toe.

This naturally brought on a conflict between the United States and Canada; which conflict of course embroiled the Jugo-Slavs with the Czecho-Slovaks. From that point on, the conflagration became epicomic.

Everybody wanted to fight. But there was one difficulty in the way. The nations having disarmed for the past two thousand years, and having long since burnt all books relative to war, there existed neither a knowledge of fighting nor the ammunition to fight with.

Oh, yes! The people *had* witnessed many pies-fights in the movies. The knowledge of this mode of warfare, coupled with the tremendous supply of food which the theretofore peace-loving nations had on hand, afforded ways and means of initiating the conflict.

By both sides the Puffed Rice Artillery was immediately brought into action.

The Custard Pie Slingers vied with the Heavy Huckleberry Heavers.

The Tear Gas Squad got busy with their Onion Slicers.

The Ripe Tomato Troops bore down on the Rotten Egg Brigade

"Don't fire," was the cry, "until you see the whites of their eggs!"

Cavalry tilted with cavalry, using giant French loaves as the lances of the joust.

Aeroplanes cannonaded upon enemy cities barrel after barrel of Larry Semon flour.



THE FEMININE TOUCH

Large Limburger cheeses were brought into action.

It was a great fight.

Between rounds, the belligerents gorged themselves with good victuals.

It was a lot of fun.

Nobody got hurt; and there were only 5,000 deaths from gout.

All movie rights were reserved.

For a hundred years afterward, the whole world was laughing itself sick over the pictures of the Great Conflict; and resolved, as soon as possible, to stage another rip-roaring rumpus.

MORAL (and Suggestion to Mr. Bok):

Why do away with War?

Folks *will* fight!—

What we want is More Wars—

Harmless and Humorous—

Safe and Insane! Cyril B. Egan.

## Setting-Up Exercise

SON (noting father agitating a cocktail shaker): What are you doing, Daddy?

FATHER: Shadow-boxing with the Demon Rum, my boy.



### My Husband Says

THAT when a man is summoned to serve as a witness at court he really *must* go even if he had promised to look at a new rug for the space between the radio room and the morning room; and we need the rug awfully, too. But he said the day was spoiled, anyhow, and he might as well take me along.

So we motored to court and I spent a very interesting day.

The courtroom was filled with people and some of them looked ever so sad and there were lots of cases that came up before the one they asked my husband the questions about.

He said he didn't recall the things they wanted to know, and a man asked him how he got that way and my husband said his suggestion was indelicate and after a while we came home.

They paid him four dollars and a half and I think it is wonderful to earn so much money in one day.

It almost paid for our lunch at a charming little inn. Of course we had no dessert but we didn't care for any.

I think that American lawyers would inspire lots more terror and confidence if they wore wigs and gowns as they do in London, but my husband says they inspire sufficient terror now, in their golf clothes.

*L. Blanche Simpson.*

### The Efficiency Expert Takes Up Golf

A HIGGENBOTTOM BROWNE, the efficiency expert, decided that there was too much valuable time wasted in golf. Accordingly he took his stenographer to the links and dictated his business letters between strokes.

The stenographer, having previously been impressed with the necessity of exactness, transcribed the following:

"MY DEAR ——— SIR:

"Your letter of the sixteenth instant sliced into the rough! Your letter of the sixteenth instant received. I guess I'll need that niblick. I wish to say that you're certainly a bone-headed caddy. Why didn't you watch that ball? I wish to say—hot dog! That was certainly the bee's knees! I wish to say that in the examination of your mid-iron, please, waste products, I meant, a saving of at least five per cent. could be made by a better utilization of the fore!

"If it is convenient, I'll have to wait for this foursome to get out of the way at the next tee, I'll call at your office and you can give me my driver, please; you can talk the matter over more fully with me at that time.

"Yours sincerely—FORE!"

*Tracy Hammond Lewis.*

MOTHER: What are you children playing now?  
WILLIE: We don't know till some one gets mad.



#### WINTER SPORTS

CATCHING THE 8:15 IN THE SUBURBS. ONLY THOSE WHO LIVE IN A HILLY SECTION KNOW THIS SPORT IN ITS BEST ESTATE. WITH AN ICY HILL AND A HARD-SLIDING COMMUTER, IT TAKES A MIGHTY FAST TRAIN TO ESCAPE.



## Water!

Water first was used as padding between rowboats and the ground and since steenteen twelve, B.C., it's served as staycomb for the hair. Since the juice was first invented many uses have been found, so to-day it's really common and, like fords, most everywhere. But the name of the inventor, and his laboratory notes—they were lost in Noah's flood, an early maritime disaster. This whole world went wet at that time by some overwhelming votes. Still, reformers won the day—at least so writes some early pastor. As to water's chiefest uses, it's to wet things and determine where the shore line of the sea is and denote highwater marks upon necks of land and small boys and to house mermaids and mermen and to squirt out through fool statues in our public squares and parks. Water may be soft or hard, depending on the stuff that's in it. If it's just so hard it's brittle it's delivered in cold cakes, then the cakes are cracked and shaken with some bootleg for a minute and the victim says, "Dee-lishus! Have 'nother!"





## An Actress Keeps House

By Patricia Collinge

8 A. M.—Wakens. Decides to get up and breakfast with husband.

9:30—Is reawakened by telephone. Wrong number. Looks out of window. Beautiful day. Decides to get up at once, get the marketing done, walk uptown, go to dentist.

10—Gets up. Decides to dress at once, walk uptown, etc.

10:30—Eats breakfast in negligee. Reads "The Conning Tower," "It Seems to Me," the announcements of the new plays. Wonders why on earth they got *that* woman for the part. Makes note to send her a telegram of good wishes opening night. Husband calls up. Decides not to meet him for lunch, as she is going to lunch uptown, go to dentist, and ought to diet anyway.

11—Best friend calls up. Discuss why they got *that* woman for the part. Decide to walk uptown together.

11:30—Dressed. Maid asks about dinner. Actress's mind becomes blank. Says she will go to market and send the things home. Doesn't approve of telephoning—lazy—and you don't get the best things. Remembers that her best friend orders by telephone and glows mentally. Maid is not so impressed as she should be.

11:38—Starts to leave for market. Remembers has to wait for friend. Waits.

12—Friend telephones. So sorry—some one called—had to do ordering—can't walk uptown—meet at Henri's at one.

12:05 P. M.—Actress leaves house. Starts to walk uptown.

Remembers she needs dish towels. Turns off and enters department store. En route to dish towels passes sale of chintz. Mentally redecorates entire apartment. Looks at chintz. The blue would be lovely, but she couldn't use the green table. The mauve would go with the green table—but she hates birds. That rose is wonderful but— Looks at clock, drops chintz, rushes out, hails taxi.

1:30—Arrives at Henri's. Friend not there.

1:35—Friend arrives. So sorry, awfully delayed, but there was so much to do in the house.

1:39—Both dieting. Order simple lunch: Creamed eggs, chocolate, brioche with jam—no pastry. Discuss why *that* woman got the part. Arrange to go together to opening.

2:30—Finish pastry.

2:38—Leave Henri's. Actress decides to go to dentist.

2:39—Decides not to go to dentist.

2:45—Meets Frances. Isn't it a lovely day? Why don't they all come in and play bridge? They do.

5:05—Suddenly remembers marketing. Calls up husband. Husband agrees to have dinner uptown for a change.

5:15—Goes back to last rubber. Agrees that it's simply wonderful to keep house but that it does tie one down.

12:30 A. M.—Decides to get up early next morning, do the marketing, walk uptown and go to the dentist.



"WILL YOU GUARANTEE TO CURE ME, DOCTOR?"  
"IF YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH."





AND THE HOSTESS WONDERED WHY ALL HER GOLDFISH DIED SO SUDDENLY.

### Prayers for Rain

I WOULD not choose the rain had I the choice,  
And yet so many other people pray for it,  
And when their prayer is granted they rejoice!  
If to their prayer I added my weak voice,  
I'd ask that I might choose some other day for it!

*Cecilia Loftus.*

### Overheard at the Moron Club

"I AM glad that there are a few men who take a sensible view of this rent agitation stirred up by a lot of discontented tenants. That Columbia University professor had the right idea when he told the Housing Commission that just as it is necessary that there should always be a surplus of unemployed labor to keep wages down, so there ought always to be a surplus of tenants to keep rents up."

"Sure thing. Why, high rents are a sign of prosperity. If the people weren't prosperous they couldn't pay rent that would give a good return on buildings that are worth fifty per cent. more than they were a few years ago. If the legislature keeps on passing these fool laws to protect tenants nobody will put up new buildings, and rents will go higher than they are now. The only way to get lower rents is to let the landlords charge what they think the tenant can afford to pay."

*W. G.*



"IS DOC BARTLETT A WELL-INFORMED MAN?"

"IS HE! SAY, YOU JUST ORT TO HEAR DOC GIVE THE GUV'MENT HELL."





THE TRAILER

"MY FRIEND, WOULDN'T IT BE EASIER IF YOU TURNED THAT AROUND AND *pushed* it?"  
 "NAW! OUTA SIGHT'S OUTA MIND. I'M TRYIN' T' FERGIT TH' THING."

### *Mrs. Pep's Diary*

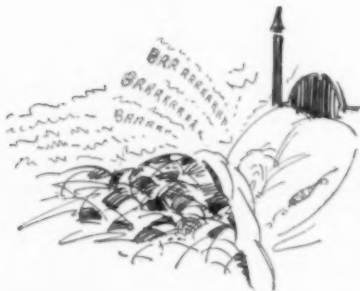
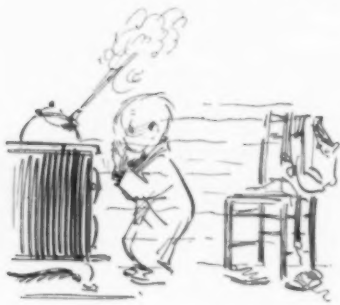
January  
24th

All a-twitter over the arrival on the first post of a small jeweler's box from Paris, and greatly cast down upon opening it to find a ring with the setting gone. So has C. Dodds evened up for the empty pinch bottle I sent him at Christmas, and now I must use my wits to do him down handsomely. Lord! methinks this foolery will go on all our lives, yet it is one of the things which make them worth living.... To the shops with Marge Boothby to look at raiment for the South, astonished at the new sports coats' similarity to horse blankets, but Marge bought one nevertheless, saying that it were better to appear on the Palm Beach links in trailing chiffon than in 1923 tweeds. Which reminds me reversely of the social climber who went into a small conservative community in the exact state of dowdiness to be taken up at first sight by the leading families. I did purchase naught, however, having outdone myself in extravagance of late. But it comforts me to reflect that I should have been much more profligate in Italy, for instance, where the currency resembles Sabbath School merits so much more than money that I fling it riotously about among the natives with no compunction soever.

January  
25th

Awake betimes, and read a chapter in Proverbs, which I deem the highest wisdom, and alone of its kind, since latter-day sages will tell you in the same breath that a rolling stone gathers no moss nor a setting hen fat. My husband, poor wretch, discoursing with me on this and that, did confide to me that he had recently marked the first sign of age in himself, and when I inquired its nature, he quoth, Well, bridge players no longer protest when I try to sneak a look at the last trick.... Our Aunt Caroline to luncheon with me, tedious, as usual, over inconsequentialities, such as the scanty apparel worn by our young women. Lord! I cannot be stirred much on that issue, when I ponder the ado made in my own youth over eyelet embroidery blouses. It amuses me also to recall the high-boned collars attached to those garments, so painful at times that the most light-minded female could not but mark their moral significance, nor did the calluses vanish entirely from my neck until several months after they lost vogue. But I said naught of this to Aunt Caroline, who put me through the customary inquisition as to my doings and expenditures, nor did I dwell upon the latter, and so to bed, exhausted, immediately after dinner. *Baird Leonard,*





Mother's Voice: SKIPPY, DID YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH?

P. C. Crosby



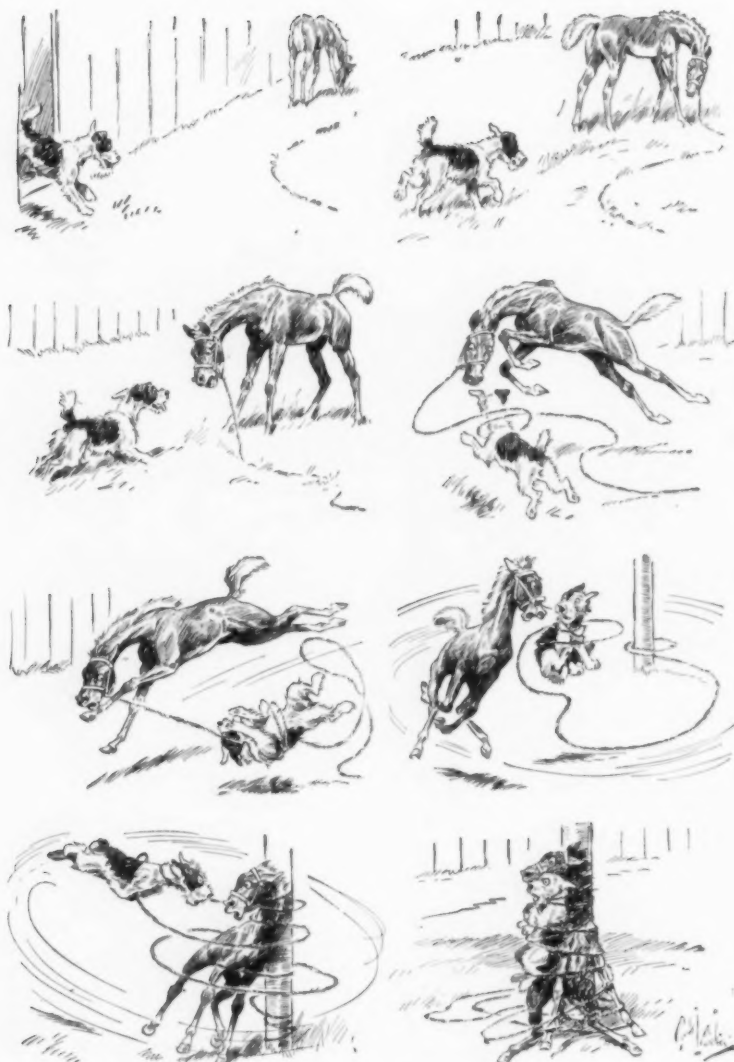
Skippy: TO-MORROW MORNING I AM, MAMMA, TO-MORROW MORNING!

Mother's Voice: NOW!

Skippy: AW, GEE!

Skippy  
The Night the Furnace Was Out of Order





ADVENTURES OF PEP THE POOCH

### Journalistic Portraits

*The Man Who Will Be Nominated for President by Either Party as Seen After Reading the Papers.*

HE will be a conservative progressive, tinged with communism, and an aristocrat. He will be a successful manufacturer and a dirt farmer with five successive crop failures. Because of his control of a dozen banks he will be acceptable to the financial interests and by being almost penniless he will appeal to the masses. He will be a brain-worker who has always made his living with his hands and, while being in favor of the open shop, will be

classed as a very strong labor unionist.

This successful and popular nominee will have a record for opposing woman suffrage and will get the feminine vote because he has always worked for the interests of the sex. Standing for enforcement of Prohibition, he will assure the country of a plentiful supply of liquor. This kind of man, when he is found, cannot lose, according to the newspapers; and undoubtedly they are right. *McC. H.*

### The Fahrenheit Habit

FOR a fortnight before we started for Florida, I was in the grip of an insidious habit; a cruel habit; a relentless habit. When I went to bed at night, it was only to lie awake, waiting, waiting, endlessly waiting—for the morning paper.

"Seventy-one in the shade," I would exclaim to my wife, after rushing to the front doorstep to gather the paper in. "Seventy-one in the shade at Palm Beach yesterday."

From then on I knew no peace until the afternoon issues were on the streets; and of them I bought each succeeding edition. Every fractional change in temperature thrilled me. I became a graph of Florida's sunshine. I lived only in degrees Fahrenheit.

The two slow weeks dragged wearily on. At last we were in Florida; and, after an eternity, we were unpacked. Sweet luxury of rest! I sprawled into a wicker chair on one of the verandas and basked in the glorious warmth of the Southern sun. Then a thought came to me. I called a bellboy.

"Boy," I commanded, "run inside and get me the latest New York paper."

"I thought you came down here to get away from everything connected with New York," my wife commented. "What do you want a paper for?"

"Well, you see, my dear," I confessed, shamefacedly, "you see, I'm sort of curious to know what the temperature is up there."

*James K. McGuinness.*

### Suggestions to Chambers of Commerce

"THIS is Pippsburg. The river water is still fit to drink."

"You are now entering Blackville. There is no Rotary Club here."

"Welcome to our town! There are no houses where Washington spent the night in Wiffenburg."

"This is Pattertown. This town was not founded in 1768, and was not originally called something else. It has always been Pattertown, and was founded by accident in 1873."

"Speed limit within city limits, twelve miles an hour. If you take this sign seriously, you must be a stranger."

*E. H. B.*

A COAT of arms is not protection against zero weather.





THE PLANNING SEASON

Mrs. Suburbs: AT WHAT TIME OF THE YEAR DO YOU GET THE MOST ENJOYMENT OUT OF YOUR GARDEN?

Mrs. Villa: OH, ALONG ABOUT THE FIRST OF FEBRUARY.

## Telephoning Made Pleasant

(Things to Do While Waiting for the Right Number.)

1. BALANCING feats with pens, pencils, matches, knives, sealing wax or anything else that is handy.
2. Attempting to perform that heretofore impossible feat of extracting a cigarette from your case and lighting it with one hand, while holding the receiver with the other.
3. Working out acrostics.
4. Embellishing the nearest calendar, note book, blotter, pad or what not with various original and unique designs.
5. Designing the ground plan of a labyrinth.
6. Formulating answers towards the solution of the Peace Problem.
7. Writing those long-deferred bread-and-butter letters.
8. Speculating upon realism, bobbed hair, the Russian drama, clock golf, Prohibition, alligator pear salad, Henry Ford, English billiards, yellow charreusse, the pediment of the Parthenon, rubber stockings, soap bubbles, fatalism, Mah Jong, Lowestoft china, the Tariff, your ten dreariest friends....

## The New-Voes Are "At Home"

THE New-Voes are "at home" on Tuesdays.

Very much "at home."

That is, of course, Tuesdays during "the season."

They receive all callers in the main reception room.

The hats are checked in the other reception rooms.

But it's in the main room where the High Doings take

place. The footmen are all lined up in double ranks. The "second men" enter "on right into line." And the butlers are arrayed in "column of sqgads."

The drilling is perfect. The uniforms are dazzling. And the service is superb.

Of course, there is everything in the shape of fish, flesh, and fizz.

And sometimes there are actually a few guests.

But guests or no, the New-Voes are "at home" on Tuesdays.

Very much "at home." C. G. S.



"DARN IT—WHEN MY LESSONS ARE BAD  
POP SPANKS ME AND WHEN THEY'RE  
GOOD TEACHER KISSES ME."

## A Perfect Storm

FIRST BROADWAYITE (during violent rainstorm): Some shower!

SECOND BROADWAYITE: You said it. Belasco himself couldn't do better.





JANUARY 31, 1924

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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IT is curious what men become candidates for President and what men do not. Four years ago a great many people wanted to make a candidate of Herbert Hoover. He represented what they wanted—help for the world—but they never were able to make a real candidate of him. He did not seem to know how to be one, and when he confessed that he was a Republican that ended it.

Lately there has been a lot of talk about Henry Ford. He represents, just as Hoover did, a good deal that a great many people want. He could flirt with the Presidential idea just as Hoover could, but he was not really a candidate, and when he said the other day, "the country is safe with Coolidge," that probably ended it.

Why has nobody made a candidate of Charles G. Dawes? He is a valuable and delightful person, able to work and willing to, with an admirable, biting, illuminating gift of speech. A real flame, that man; the kind of a flame that melts chains. When Dawes talks; it is for something else than merely to make a noise. He talks for purposes of instigation or disclosure. That is why people sit up and pay attention to him. When he said the other day in Paris: "I have read in shame and humiliation the outpourings of the American nationalistic demagogues who undertake to lecture Europe in order to lift themselves into some petty office or to maintain political popularity," all the helpful-minded people who want to be let out of the coop clapped their hands. A great crowd of people approve General Dawes, but so far as known nobody suggests him for President. Perhaps that is why he is so good. Nobody suggests Mr. Mellon for President,

probably no one will. Neither Dawes nor Mellon is a politician, but a President ought to be a politician. He has to be. The job demands it.



ONE would hardly call Senator McCormick a politician, for that is not quite his job. His calling is evidently to function in the Senate as one of the proprietors of the United States, and to see that no unauthorized person meddles with his property to the detriment of his interests. What other Republicans not of his group want, what the people of the United States want, is nothing to him so far as one may judge from his reported sentiments. As a member of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate, he is one of a small group carefully collected without scruple as to means, to operate a stranglehold on all efforts to make the United States useful to the world at large. If General Dawes and his companions had had to wait on Mr. McCormick's consent to go to Europe as appraisers and helpers, probably they would not have gone. They went unofficially, sent by desire of the Allies, and at the request of the President and Secretary Hughes. Mr. McCormick and his Foreign Committeemen could not head them off, neither can they do anything about the Bok peace plan, since that is not official either. The thing on which they can operate is President Coolidge's purpose to have us join the World Court, and as to that Mr. McCormick said, with ominous restraint:

"The Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate and the Senate itself, in due course and with orderly dispatch, will consider the plan submitted to the Senate by the Executive, and any reservations or amend-

ments thereto which may be proposed. We are charged with certain responsibilities under the Constitution. If we were to be derelict in their discharge because of a propaganda organized in behalf of Mr. Bok's scheme or any other, we ought to forfeit the confidence of our constituents."

But, after all, who are Mr. McCormick's constituents? Does he really represent the people of Illinois, or does he represent the opinion of his branch of the McCormick family that the *Chicago Tribune*, which is presumably their chief source of revenue and power, can be more conveniently published while Medill remains in Washington? No, he is not a politician; he is a proprietor. If the rest of the family will look after the *Tribune*, he will look after the United States, which is, of course, necessary to the *Tribune's* prosperity. Our government in general is not yet a government of proprietors as it used to be in early Colonial days, but that important detail of it which we know as the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate is just that thing. Its Republican members have the true proprietary spirit. Under the Constitution they have got hold of the stuff, and they have no idea of letting go as long as breath remains in their bodies. Mr. McCormick's remarks on the Bok plan were a defiance in advance to public opinion however discovered or expressed.



*COLLIER'S WEEKLY* offered a prize for letters about Prohibition and got over twenty-two thousand answers—about the same number that came in about the Bok peace plan. They were interesting letters, especially in the great variety of opinion they expressed. Observers see what they see according to where they look. There is very general agreement that to close the saloons has been a good thing, but there is disagreement about the Volstead law and about the possibility of improving it by permitting light wines and beer. The correspondence does not encourage the expectation of immediate improvement by legislation on Prohibition. People, wide apart still, will have to get together before that is accomplished. One great trouble is that what is good for one community is bad for another.

E. S. Martin.





THE PRODIGAL RETURNS





The Bedtime

"I am somewhat reminded of the two lri





Bedtime Story

the two Irishmen, Pat and Mike, who—" "





### A Big Week

THE Forty-Ninth Street Theatre seems this season to be dedicated to propaganda for a Bigger and Sweeter World by 1925. No sooner does William Hodge move out with his big Mind-over-Matter act, than in comes Leo Carrillo with "Gypsy Jim," which, behind the determined whimsicality of Mr. Carrillo's smile, brings the message that Faith will move any reasonable-sized mountain, with, of course, a little tug now and then from the playwright.

In a curtain-speech on the opening night, Mr. Carrillo said that, when the play was on the road, the head of a department in one of the big insurance companies wrote to him and told him that he was so impressed by the play's lesson that he was sending his entire department of two hundred employees to see it. He felt that it would give them courage and confidence to stick to their jobs. Wouldn't it be terrible if they were the insurance company's soliciting staff?

So much for "Gypsy Jim."



"THE NEW POOR," by Cosmo Hamilton, has a substantial idea which has been overwritten to the point of apoplexy. What might have been a series of amusing, if impossible, situations become little tournaments in which each character in turn comes riding up with a highly polished line and hurls it at some target, presumably the audience. If there are four characters on the stage, each one gets a chance, reading from left to right. Then another squad is brought up. The fact that, even under this system, several laughs per act are brought down, shows what the possibilities of the thing are—or were.



MOST of the English revues that we have seen are made up of sketches, some so good that nothing we do in this country could ever touch them, and some so bad that it would be impossible for them ever to be considered for production here. When an English sketch flops here, it is a terrific flop. But even in those that flop, there is distinguishable somewhere a trace of originality and fresh thinking which puts most of our revue sketches to shame.

André Charlot's Revue, which has come to the Times Square Theatre from London, contains a larger percentage of successful sketches than any of its predecessors. Furthermore, it has three highly amusing stars—Beatrice Lillie, Gertrude Lawrence, and Jack Buchanan. Miss Lillie's big patriotic number (the song ending: "Thirty days has Sep-

tember, April, June and November, Old England is proud of you!") and Miss Lawrence's song, "I Don't Know," are better in their respective classes than anything in our current native revues. We are afraid that nothing so gorgeous as the patriotic number will ever be done in our own dear land, and we even doubt that our civilization has progressed far enough to permit such sacrilege as Mr. Buchanan's burlesque of the Girl in the Cigarette Smoke, which most of our revues are doing quite seriously.

These features alone would make the Charlot revue our particular favorite. Even admitting its thin spots, it is our idea of what a revue should be.



AND now we come to our idea of what a play should be, "Outward Bound." Not that we do not, sitting in the critical cool of the evening, see where "Outward Bound" could be made a lot better than it is, but if we had had the original idea and had carried it through as well as Mr. Sutton Vane has done, we should feel quite satisfied to take a farm somewhere and wait for the rest of the playwrights to catch up to us. And it would be a good long wait, too.

Before the play came into New York we had heard an outline of the first act, how the passengers gathered in the smoking-room of a liner gradually come to the realization that they are all dead and sailing for a port unknown to any one of them. At the very telling of it, we broke out into a rash from the excitement of the idea. We were almost afraid to see the play, fearing that no author could carry it through.

And it is true that Mr. Vane's play takes a dip in the middle and comes near to finishing with an obvious examination scene when the passengers are allocated by the visiting official in more or less conventional groupings. But the final scene makes up for everything, and bears out the promise of the first act, than which we can give no higher praise without bursting.

An almost ideal cast, consisting of J. M. Kerrigan, Margalo Gillmore, Leslie Howard, Alfred Lunt, Charlotte Granville, Lyonel Watts, Beryl Mercer, Eugene Powers and Dudley Digges, helps to make "Outward Bound" by far the most thrilling play of the year.



ALL that we can say about "The Miracle" is that we have never witnessed anything one-half so magnificent in the theatre before, and never expect to again.

Robert C. Benchley.



# Confidential Guide

## More or Less Serious

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** *National*—Walter Hampden has here revived one of the few classics which are thrilling in revival.

**The Dancers.** *Broadhurst*—Richard Bennett making the He-Man bearable.

**Hurricane.** *Frolic*—Petrova showing that sin has its serious side, too.

**In the Next Room.** *Vanderbilt*—The only murder-mystery in town, and deserves to be.

**The Lady.** *Empire*—Mary Nash in the old, old story, told better than most new ones.

**Laugh, Clown, Laugh!** *Belasco*—The one about the clown whose heart is breaking. Lionel Barrymore makes it better than it is.

**The Miracle.** *Century*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Moscow Art Theatre.** *Fifty-Ninth St.*—Third farewell engagement of Russia's remarkable actors.

**Outward Bound.** *Ritz*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Rain.** *Masine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels in her perennial success, one of the most encouraging successes of recent years.

**The Road Together.** *Frazee*—To be reviewed next week.

**Roseanne.** *Century Roof*—A play about Negroes played by white actors, with one especially unusual scene involving congregational singing.

**Saint Joan.** *Garrick*—Winifred Lenihan in Shaw's latest work, a long and at times intensely thrilling account of the Maid's campaigns and trial.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—In the face of an almost unanimous opposition we still claim that this is imitation drama.

**The Shame Woman.** *Comedy*—Sinning in the mountains, with practically the same results as in the city.

**The Spook Sonata.** *Provincetown*—Cuckoo, but honest.

**Sun-Up.** *Princesses*—A highly satisfactory glimpse into the emotional reactions to war in our backwoods.

**Tarnish.** *Belmont*—Well-handled drama of American middle-class family troubles. One of the best.

**White Cargo.** *Daly's*—Nordic disintegration shown in a vivid picture of life in the tropics.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—A good joke on us.

**Chicken Feed.** *Little*—Pleasant marriage banter.

**Fanshastics.** *Henry Miller's*—To be reviewed next week.

**For All of Us.** *Ambassador*—William Hodge in a dramatization of "Science and Health."

**Gypsy Jim.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Meet the Wife.** *Klaw*—The usual complications when the dead husband comes back to life. Mary Boland as the perturbed wife.

**Neighbors.** *Forty-Eighth St.*—Farceical troubles over the raising of onions and roosters.

**The Nervous Wreck.** *Sam H. Harris*—There is no good reason for laughing at this bedlam, except that it is funny, and has Otto Kruger and June Walker.

**The New Poor.** *Playhouse*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Other Rose.** *Morosco*—Fay Bainter and Henry Hull in a little play about love.

**The Pottery.** *Plymouth*—A photograph of American home-life which is so faithful as to be almost tragic. Don't miss it.

**The Song and Dance Man.** *Hudson*—George M. Cohan in person, which is all that is necessary.

**Spring Cleaning.** *Eltinge*—A bit "broad-minded," but highly entertaining, especially as acted by Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews.

**The Swan.** *Cort*—Probably the best all-around comedy in town, with Eva Le Gallienne and an excellent cast making it even better.

**This Fine-Pretty World.** *Neighborhood*—For those who are interested in good stuff at any carfare.

**The Whole Town's Talking.** *Bijou*—Grant Mitchell in a farce of varying merit, with the best part last.

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Shubert*—Like those pictures you send to Box 186, Lapointe, Wisconsin, for.

**Charlot's Revue.** *Times Square*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Kid Boots.** *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at his best in a generally satisfactory show.

**Little Jessie James.** *Longacre*—The home of the song-hit, "I Love You."

**Mary Jane McKane.** *Imperial*—A very nice musical comedy, featuring Mary Hay and Hal Skelley.

**Mr. Battling Buttler.** *Solwyn*—Well-tried

comedy material, some of it still amusing, with Charles Ruggles and William Kent.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—A lot of startling things to look at, including Frank Tinney in a Boy Scout suit.

**One Kiss.** *Fulton*—A not entirely successful adaptation from the French, helped along by Jack Hazzard, Ada Lewis and Oscar Shaw.

**Poppy.** *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields making a good show better.

**The Rise of Rosie O'Reilly.** *Liberty*—One of those Cohan dancing shows, better than its predecessors because the author has kidded it.

**Runnin' Wild.** *Colonial*—The best of the Negro shows.

**Stepping Stones.** *Globe*—Fred Stone and daughter making a pleasant family party with an elaborate production.

**Topics of 1923.** *Winter Garden*—A much better revue than you would expect with Delysia.

**Wildflower.** *Casino*—Still competing with the best.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Fannie Brice and Paul Whiteman's band.



RUSSIAN IMMIGRANT HAS A SUDDEN ATTACK OF HOMESICKNESS





Huckster: WHAT A GRAND LITTLE BOY YOU GOT, LADY! HE SURE IS A FINE LAD!  
BEAUTIFUL!

"WOT'S THE MATTER WIT' YER VEGETABLES?"

### Complaints

(By a Lady Recently Emancipated from the Shackles of Convention.)

I HATE the monotony of the Middle West, the philistinism, the stupid faces of rubes and hicks, the Chamber of Commerce ever planning to transform the town to a greater something or other, the women's clubs just discovering Browning and Tagore, newspaper headlines about the church socials, the empty corner lots, the opera house where the tag-ends of tenth-rate vaudeville receive vociferous applause, the improvement associations, the business colleges into which all high-school graduates are dumped, the aimless Saturday night walking around the principal streets, the discontent of strayed souls, the checker players in the hotel lobbies, the lost anarchist preaching the gospel of Emma Goldman, the socialists on their hobbyhorses, the redeemed sinners of the Salvation Army saving lost souls, the photographer wearing a flowing black Windsor tie, the deserted feeling of the town after ten o'clock at night, the editorials denouncing the menace of Bolshevism, the goulash in the newspapers quoting the masterly sermon of the Reverend Bokhunk of the Fifth Methodist Church, the spirited drives of the W. C. T. U., the gospel of brisk business, the idea that New York is a wicked city.

And I'm awfully glad I got away from the place.

(By the Same, After a Two-Year Stay in New York City.)

I hate New York, its awful noise, the philistinism of the smart alecks, the bad manners, Broadway in the day-time, Broadway in the night-time, Forty-second Street at any time, Fifth Avenue with its pretentiousness, gun-toting gangsters, the poseurs who pretend to understand everything, the lack of a

breath of fresh air in the long streets, the odor of garlic in the upper reaches of the opera house, the poor food of cheap restaurants, the high cost of good restaurants, the nervous hurry, the dearth of genuine social contacts, the gasoline odors, the tipping evil, the boobs loafing on Broadway corners, the poodle dogs lugged about, the super-yokels affiliated with the movies and occupying the sidewalks around Seventh Avenue and Forty-eighth Street, the matinee crowds, the tea-rooms where a glass of tea costs fifty cents, *jeunes filles* who imitate the dress of actresses, Greenwich Village with its colors and howling individuality, intellectuals defending the menace of Bolshevism, visitors hoping to pass for New Yorkers.

And I'm awfully glad I'm leaving the place, and getting back home.

J. Lewis.

### Accommodating

MAID: I rented that room to a fellow while you was out, ma'am. He's a movie actor.

LANDLADY: Good-looking?

MAID: Yes, ma'am, very.

LANDLADY: Well, put an extra bit of carpet on the floor in front of his mirror.

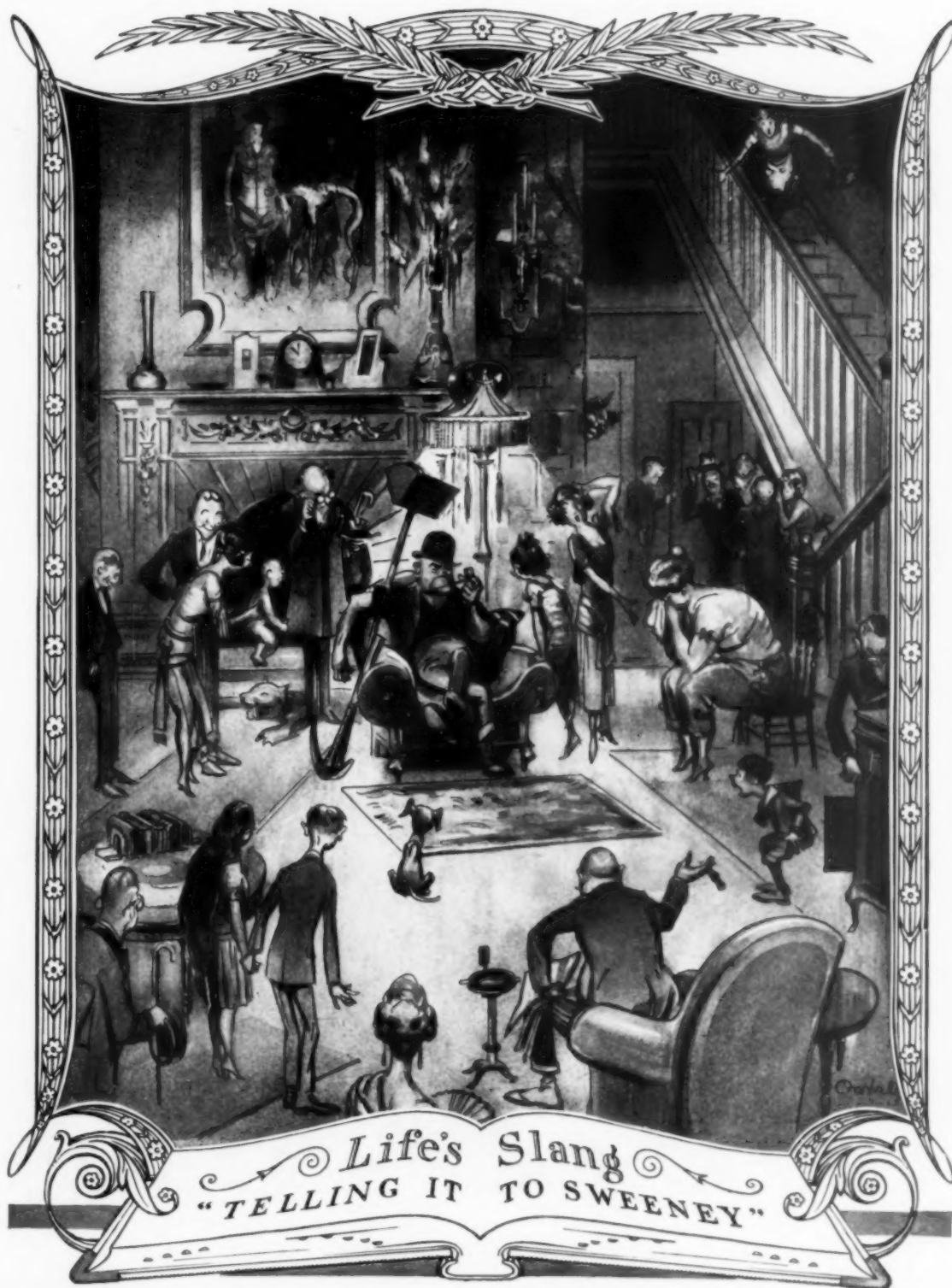
IN all fairness we think the winner of the Bok peace prize should not be required to risk his plan in Mexico.



"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

THE SEASON'S POPULAR PRODUCTION

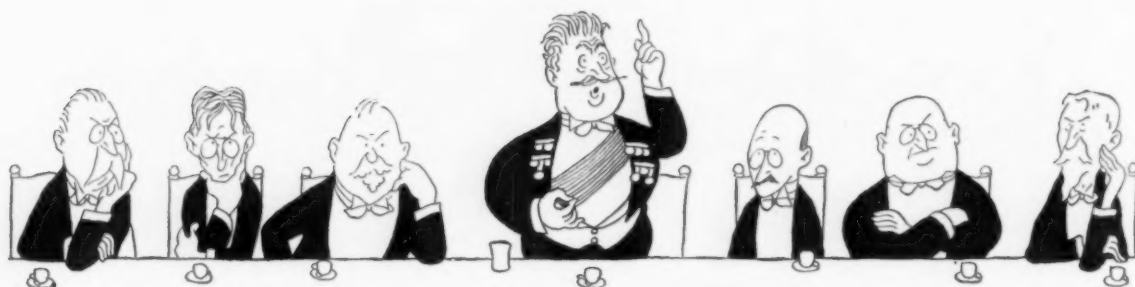




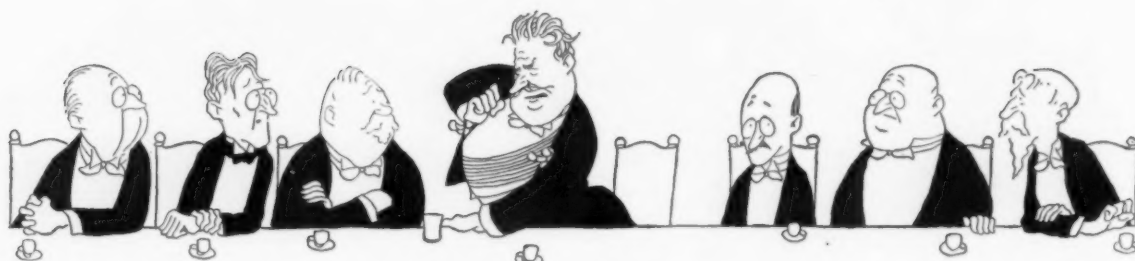




WHEN THE DISTINGUISHED FOREIGN GUEST OF HONOR



WHO LOOKS AS IF HE HAD A VITAL MESSAGE FOR AMERICA



DELIVERS THE SPEECH



OF THE EVENING

A Suggestion to





IN HIS NATIVE



LANGUAGE



HE OUGHT TO LET IT GO AT THAT



AND DISPENSE WITH AN INTERPRETER

CLAYTON WILLIAMS



## Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

SOMETHING ought to be done to bring the scientists into closer touch with moving pictures. Here are Professor Westermarck, Havelock Ellis, Professor Sumner and Sir James G. Frazer coming out flat-footed with the statement that a boy and a girl brought up together from infancy always exhibit failure of the pairing instinct. That is to say, they don't fall in love and get married. Some of these authorities are no doubt dead, but for the sake of argument let us assume they are living, and in the interest of science, that they occasionally lavish fifty-five cents including amusement tax upon one of those strip tickets which call for a loge seat. What becomes of their flat-footed statement? Not only are there exceptions to this rule—in moving pictures—but any moving-picture fan can tell Professor Havelock Ellis that if, in the first reel, a poor boy is adopted into the family of a rich little girl, or vice versa, they will invariably exhibit the pairing instinct in the second reel, and no matter what obstacles need to be overcome in the third and fourth reels, the end of the fifth reel will find them clasped in each other's arms preceded by an art title reading:

AND THEN CAME THE DAWN  
OF A NEW DAY

\* \* \*

THE late James Gibbons

Huneker founded what a friend of mine calls the impressionistic school of criticism. That is to say, Huneker and his followers sought to create an impression in the mind of the public, the impression being that they had read an impressive number of books, seen an impressive number of plays, visited an impressive number of foreign lands and eaten and drunk a more than impressive amount of food and drink—principally beer—of a most impressive quality. However, the impression remains in the mind of the public only as an impression and not as a conviction,

because a little casual figuring will show that if the members of this school had read all the books they claim to have read, they would have had no time left in which to see all the plays they claim to have seen.

By the same scrutiny, their traveling, eating and drinking diminishes in probability, until the impression they try to create merges into an impression that what Mr. Huneker founded was not a

Dawn," I for one am perfectly happy to believe that he really has seen all these plays, just as in pre-Prohibition days, the average customer of a New York French restaurant felt a certain satisfaction in not questioning that the names printed on the wine list represented the actual contents of the restaurant's cellar. Of course I don't know anything about these plays or those wines—or at least most of them—but

like the colored man who was asked to change a ten-dollar bill, I feel grateful for the compliment.

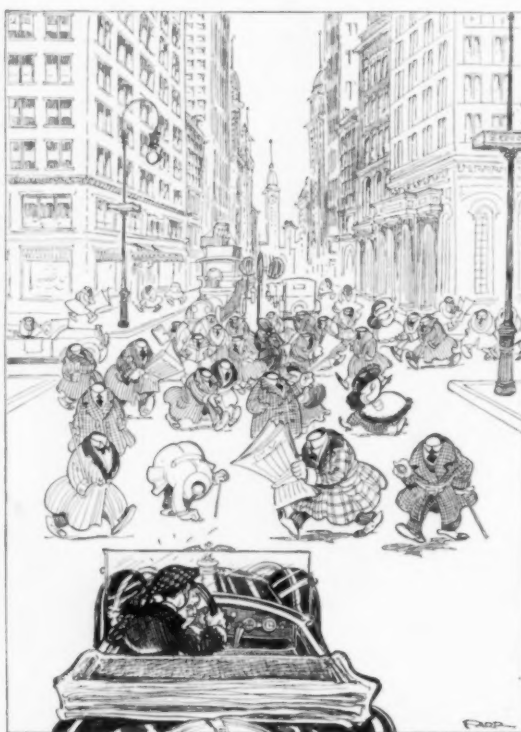
\* \* \*

NOW, if ever, is the time for music lovers to form a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Symphonies, just as sixty years ago Mr. Henry Bergh founded the S. P. C. A. The need is in fact greater now with respect to symphonies than it was then with respect to dogs; for vivisection of symphonies is being widely practiced by the men who "arrange" the "musical scores" for super-feature seven-reel pictures, as well as by the "composers" of fox-trots and one-steps.

For some years, sweethearts have not been able to part on the moving-picture screen except to the accompaniment of the largo movement from the New World Symphony. This largo movement has also been a grave symptom in all cases of illness on the screen. If one of the characters in a moving picture is confined to his bed with what appears to be only

a slight cold, no experienced member of the audience need be deceived, for as soon as the organist strikes up the largo movement from the New World Symphony, the character's death may be confidently predicted within the next three hundred feet. Another harbinger of great woe in moving pictures is the opening of the Schubert C Minor Symphony. As the prelude to a storm or a complicated shooting affray in a gambling house, it seems to have no

(Continued on page 31)



WINDSHIELD IMPRESSION OF THE PEDESTRIAN FAMILY THE  
FIRST TIME YOU DRIVE DOWNTOWN.

school of criticism but a school of fiction. Nevertheless it is an amusing school, and thus, when one of Mr. Huneker's followers compares a certain play with Freksa's "Fat Caesar," Holm's "Mary's Big Heart," Schnitzler's "Reigen," Wedekind's "Earth Spirit," "Box of Pandora," "Mine-Haha" and "In Full Cry," Evreinoff's "Theatre of the Soul," certain other plays by Lothar Schmidt, Porto-Riche's "Amoureuse," Lavedan's "Le Gout du Vice" and Hauptmann's "Before



## Bos Infidelis

### A Lacteal Duel

(MAGNUS JOHNSON vs. HENRY CANTWELL WALLACE)

SAYS Wallace to Johnson while viewing the herd  
Of Government Holsteins, "A thought just occurred  
In my sapient dome,—let us frame up a battle  
And show Uncle Sam what we know about cattle;  
Now, off with our coats for this dairyman's frolic  
To prove that, though statesmen, we're truly bucolic."  
Says Magnus to Henry, "I Cantwell refuse,  
'Twill make such an excellent item of news,—  
Though, Henry, you're licked at the start; I insist  
I shake an unbeatably wicked milk-fist."...  
So doughty dirt farmer and dignified Sec.  
Set to with a will, and they worked neck and neck  
Till General Bliss, who was judging the test,  
Called "Time" and replaced his gold watch in his vest;  
And carefully measuring, made his report—  
"Friend Wallace, you've won by a fourth of a quart."  
When Magnus discovered the fact that he'd lost  
He bitterly shouted, "I've been double-crossed;  
These treacherous cow-beasts have framed-up agin'  
The Friend-of-the-Farmer, by rights I should win."

\* \* \*

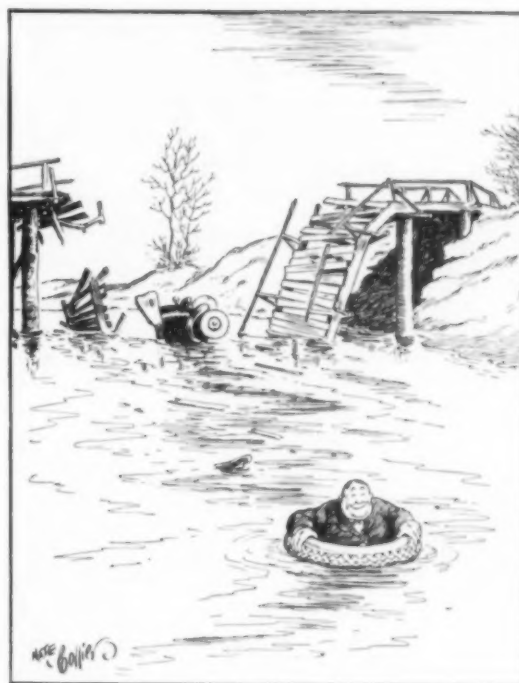
Cheer up, most ingenuous farmer of dirt,  
Don't let this experience rankle or hurt;  
For feminine justice is rare on this planet—  
Such trickery dates back to Eve who began it.

#### Moral

To rank and position this world ever bows;  
'Tis *noblesse oblige* with both humans and cows.  
Douglas Chandler.



"DON'T, JIM! KEEP COOL TILL THEY GET THE LADDER UP—  
HAVE A SMOKE!"



"BY GEORGE! IT'S A LUCKY THING I BROUGHT THIS SPARE TIRE  
ALONG."

## The Visionary

ONCE there was a man who did nothing but dream  
dreams. He refused to see what was in front of his  
nose and always looked above the heavens and under the  
earth. He spouted poetry as the bathtub in a first-class  
Atlantic City hotel spouts water. When he was in the  
mountains he longed for the wide wastes and the freedom  
of the ocean. At the edge of the sea, he cried for the still-  
ness and fastness of the mysterious, purple hills. He was  
something terrible.

Finally he was such a bother that a committee was formed  
to take him to task. Which it did.

"What earthly use are you?" asked the committee. "What  
reason have you for living? What do you mean by this  
dreaming and this wild, unnatural language? What good  
are you?"

"What good am I?" he said. "Hang it all, I'm a vi-  
sionary."

"Well, what good is that?" asked the committee.

"Ho," said the Visionary. "I'm the white-haired boy, I  
am. You go ask any good playwright."

H. W. H.

DYER: There seems to be a great deal of social unrest.  
RYER: Yes, but I don't think there is anything to be  
alarmed at until it reaches the golf links.

THE Turk who tried to massacre Mustapha Kemal prob-  
ably became tired of hearing that cigarette joke.



# The Silent Drama

## "A Lady of Quality"

THOSE who look for beauty on the screen will find enough of it to satisfy the most omnivorous aesthete in "A Lady of Quality"; there is beauty of scene and of photography, and both physical and spiritual beauty in the person of Virginia Valli.

Those who look for drama will find less nourishment, for "A Lady of Quality" is feeble as to story. It shoots its bolt in the early reels, relying solely on its pictorial qualities to carry it through to the end. The scene is England during the reign of Queen Anne—moving from the country seat of the *Wildairs* to the Court circles in London. It is the rural portion of the film that is by far the better.

To Hobart Henley, who directed "A Lady of Quality," must be extended credit for much imagination and intelligence; if he is lacking in dramatic technique, he is certainly not deficient in taste.

## "Black Oxen"

GERTRUDE ATHERTON'S novel about a grandmother who took the gland treatment and became a vision of youthful loveliness has been made into a movie—and a highly uninteresting one at that.

The rejuvenated lady in "Black Oxen" is impersonated by the fair Corinne Griffith, and the columnist for whom she falls, by Conway Tearle. Both of them are good. But even the deliberate appeal of Miss Griffith, and the suave forcefulness of Mr. Tearle, are insufficient to atone for the general stodginess of the story, which moves along with all the breathless rapidity of a steam-roller.

I fear that glands do not belong on the screen; their place is in the home.

## "Three Miles Out"

LACK of pretense is always commendable, and "Three Miles Out" is one movie that doesn't pretend to be anything more than a wildly improb-

able, utterly absurd and consistently entertaining farce-melodrama. It makes good on all three counts.

Madge Kennedy is the heroine of "Three Miles Out," and the plot sweeps her along through jewel robberies, murders, piracy, rum smuggling and criminal assaults. She bears up surprisingly well under the ordeal, and emerges with the same apologetic smile with which she brightened so many comedies in the early Goldwyn days.

"Three Miles Out" will never be used as a model in college courses on the Photodramatic Art, but it will be enjoyed enormously by those who go to the film parlors to find relief from the heavier intellectual problems of the day.

## "Boy of Mine"

THE same combination that produced Booth Tarkington's "Penrod and Sam" so effectively has turned out another of his stories, "Boy of Mine," with somewhat less skill. "Boy of

Mine" contains much good stuff—comedy and sentiment—but it also contains several elements that are not so good.

For one thing, I can't help resenting a mother who advertises the fact that she is "just a real good pal" to her son; plenty of mothers are all of that, but they don't have to be patronizing about it.

The quality of "Boy of Mine" is best illustrated by the fact that the horrible word "but" will obtrude itself into this review. If you look before the "but," you will find considerable honest merit; if you go beyond it, you will discover why the word "but" was invented.

## "The Great White Way"

ALL those persons who have observed, "New York may be all right for a visit, but I wouldn't live there if you gave me the place," will want to see "The Great White Way." It will confirm their belief that there is everything within the moist boundaries of Manhattan except home-life.

In "The Great White Way" are cabarets, horse races, high life, low life, fires, newspaper scandals, scantily clad chorus girls, snobs and prize fights. It is a succession of spectacular scenes, in giddy disorder, with the barest thread of plot to tie them together. In other words, an eyeful.

Appearing in the cast are all the employees of the Hearst newspapers—from Arthur Brisbane to Bugs Baer—several prominent figures in the sport world, and a few actors. T. Roy Barnes and Oscar Shaw, both of whom are actors, are the best.

## "Reno"

IT is a matter of pride with this department that every review of a Rupert Hughes picture shall take up a great deal of space. Unfortunately, things are a trifle crowded this week, and so I feel that "Reno" must be held until the following issue.

In the meantime, Major Hughes can start framing his letter of protest now.

Robert E. Sherwood.



CORINNE GRIFFITH IN "BLACK OXEN"









## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### The Merry Imp of the Types

What a difference the change of a letter makes! The most humorous misprint we can remember is this one, which went the rounds several years ago:

"The doctor felt the patient's purse and decided there was no hope."

—*Boston Transcript*.

### Recognition

PROSPECTIVE MAID: I seem to know your face, ma'am; I'm sure I've seen you before, somewhere.

MISTRESS: Quite likely, my girl—in an employment bureau.

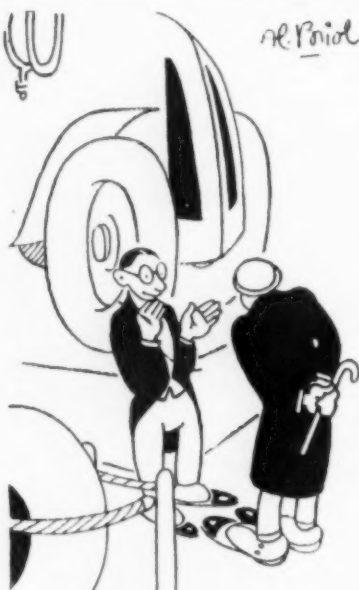
—*L'Illustration (Paris)*.

It would be droll if Mr. Bok won a Nobel Peace Prize because he awarded one himself.—*Detroit News*.

"Have you been reading Longfellow?"

"Naw, 'bout fifteen minutes."

—*Texas Ranger*.



"TWO HUNDRED HORSEPOWER—IT'S A WONDERFUL CHANCE!"

"SO IT IS—A WONDERFUL CHANCE TO BREAK ONE'S NECK."

—*Le Journal Amusant (Paris)*.

### For the Headline Prize

If there is such a thing as a headline prize, the award for 1924 ought to go to the *New Republic*. The magazine quotes Gene Stratton Porter as saying: "Personally, it is difficult for me to understand why characters that would not be admitted into a home or a family circle in person on any consideration should be allowed to come there between the covers of a book."

And the headline which the *New Republic* supplies is: "Mary, if Mr. Falstaff Calls To-Day, I'm Not at Home."

—*New York World*.

### The First Ride Together

"G-good heavens, Alfred, this second-hand car is awful!"

"Y-yes, and the worst of it is the dealer said it would last for years!"

—*Ladies' Home Journal*.

### Family Spirit

"Father, I think it's only fair to tell you I need fifty dollars. I'd rather owe it to you than some rank outsider."

—*Yale Record*.

EMENDED: "Onward, theological soldiers!"—*Dallas News*.

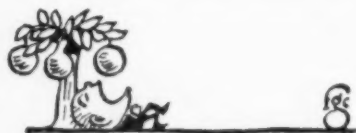
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### THE ANTONYM

"WILLIE, DO YOU ENJOY CADDYING FOR YOUR FATHER?"

"OH, YES, IT'S LOTS OF FUN."

"I HOPE HE NEVER USES ANY—ER—NAUGHTY WORDS."

"WELL, MOTHER, WHEN HE MAKES A BAD SHOT HE SOMETIMES USES A—THE FEMININE OF HEAVEN."



## A Movie Annual

NOTHING succeeds like a year-book. It is an announcement of "arrival," that it's all over but the shouting, that a new field of human endeavor has been found worthy of annual checking-up between board covers. Current anthropological activity is the outward and visible sign of this generation's belief that the proof of the pudding is in the cream. Is it any wonder, then, that the American screen should have found at length a combined critic and compiler who possesses the qualifications demanded of him who would pass final judgment upon our motion picture output, who would divide the screen sheep from the screen goats and furnish convincing reasons for the conclusions to which he comes?

"The Best Moving Pictures," by Robert E. Sherwood, published by Small, Maynard and Company, and described as a "Year-Book of the American Screen and Who's Who in the Movies," is a fine, and, in a very real sense, an heroic achievement. "I am compelled to see about two hundred feature films a year, and a great many shorter pictures, such as comedies, scenics, educational films and news weeklies. It all adds up to something like twenty-five hundred reels, which, when resolved into terms of linear measure, amounts to two million, five hundred thousand feet, or over four hundred miles," asserts the author plaintively. That Mr. Sherwood could present a reasonable claim for a Carnegie medal for courage is apparent from the above, but the actual reward that is to come to him from his calm and intrepid bearing where the battle for the soul of the screen is hottest will be the consciousness that he has devised a method for annually winnowing the wheat from the chaff of moviedom, to the end that the powers that be therein may exercise more care regarding the seed they plant.

"My experience in following these miles of film as they flickered across the screen has bred in me a deep respect for the movies, and an abiding faith in their possibilities," says Mr. Sherwood. His is a faith which finds itself confronted by mountains of prejudice, but against this prejudice, which does such grave injustice to a new art in the making, his movie year-book is destined to exercise a powerful influence. It is impressive in its presentation of illuminating facts, its brilliant critiques, its biographical data, and in the appeal which it is bound to make to the indiscriminating movie fan, to the more critical screen-lover who longs for guidance in his quest of good picture-plays, and to the still-unconvinced reactionary, the man who has as yet failed to realize that the motion picture has become worthy of his serious consideration.

E. S. V. Z.



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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### Not Prodigal Enough

In many parts of Mexico hot springs and cold springs are found side by side. One can see native women boiling clothes in a hot spring, rubbing them on a flat rock and rinsing them in a clear cold spring.

A visitor watched this process for some time and then said:

"I suppose the natives think old Mother Nature is pretty generous, eh?"

"No, señor," responded his host. "There is much grumbling because she supplies no soap."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Consultation

The eccentric and parsimonious Mrs. Schultz, meeting Dr. Senden on the street, called out to him:

"Doctor, I sneeze incessantly every morning; what would you take for it?"

"A handkerchief!" called the doctor, and disappeared.

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

### Very Unlike

COLORED LAUNDRESS: My sister and me, ma'am, we ain't no mo' alike dan if we wasn't us. She's just as different as I be, only, o' course, de othah way.

—Boston Transcript.

### Grousing

CONVICT (just released): Lumme! ain't it cold! Fancy turning a chap outer doors this weather!—London Opinion.

### The Indoor Boatman

The college oarsman sat all day a-rowing in the gym;  
He pulled upon the phony oars with vigor, verve and vim.

But though he labored long and hard  
He did not make a single yard.

All day he sat

Where he was at—

It mattered not to him.

—Birmingham Age-Herald.

### New Version

In a recent musical comedy there was an actor whose only line was: "There's a man downstairs who says he's Solomon Isaac."

For weeks he rehearsed his part. Other members of the cast suggested he make inflections here and there and intimated his great opportunity had come.

On the opening night he stood in the wings mumbling over and over, "There's a man downstairs who says he's Solomon Isaac." As the time came for his cue an electrician passed him and the actor got mixed up in the electric wires. As he was untangling himself the electrician shouted to him: "There's your cue." The actor rushed out on the stage and shouted: "Solomalax!"

—O. O. McIntyre, in Atlanta Constitution.

### Giving Him a Black Eye

"Prisoner," said the magistrate, "you have already been sentenced eleven times for vagrancy, violent assault, embezzlement, theft, etcetera."

"Would you mind not speaking so loud, your Worship?" was the reply. "My intended father-in-law is in court, and you might damage my prospects."

—Weekly Telegraph (London).

### Evening Program

COOK: What are we having to-night, m'm?

MISTRESS: Why, I've just told you: clear soup; fillet of sole; cutlets; cabinet pudding.

COOK: I meant on the wireless, m'm.

—Punch.

### The Titleholder

The talk turned to the Meanness Record. It was achieved by the employer who had his stenographer stay after hours and then charged her for the telephone call to say she wouldn't be home for dinner.—New York World.

TIMID CUSTOMER: And you're sure it's really pre-war stuff?

HONEST BOOTLEGGER: Absolutely! Why, I know the guy that makes it!

—Buffalo Express.

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"AND DO YOU FEEL NOTHING, MISS MARY, THAT WILL GIVE ME A LITTLE HOPE?"

"PERHAPS. BUT WAIT A BIT—IT MAY BE AN ATTACK OF MAL DE MER."

—Lustige Blätter (Berlin).

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## Broadcastings

(Continued from page 24)

competitor. Thus the New World largo might be called the *Leitmotif* of retail death while the Schubert C Minor is the *Leitmotif* of wholesale death.

The Tschaikowsky Sixth Symphony (*Pathétique*) is of course utilized in a great many ways. Next to the Beethoven Fifth it is the symphony most familiar to orchestral players, from whose ranks spring or perhaps fall the gentlemen who devise musical settings to moving pictures. Consequently, almost anything can happen in a moving picture to the accompaniment of an excerpt from the Tschaikowsky Sixth. All depends upon its combination with other non-symphonic melodies. Thus, if the excerpt is followed by the refrain of "Ireland Must Be Heaven for My Mother Came from There," it may be deduced without seeing the picture that the story deals with the great East Side where the Russians and the Irish live side by side in perfect harmony, or as perfect as the organist can make it.

However, blood will tell, and you may anticipate with confidence a big riot in the fourth reel which will be broken up by the police during the performance by the organist of the third movement of the Sixth Tschaikowsky—the opening measures with the more difficult passages omitted. This is of course preceded by the first movement of the Schubert C Minor and followed—as Joe Murphy, the gang leader, is laid almost moribund upon his bed in the tenement house—by the largo from the New World Symphony. Joe will recover later and will reform per-

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manently to the accompaniment of the "Secret of Suzanne" Overture, and the whole will end with "I Love You, I Love You, I LOVE You," as Joe is clasped by little Alice MacEntagert, with whom he has been brought up from infancy. (See Westermarck above.)

\*\*\*

FROM a reading of "Player and Part," one of the chapters of A. B. Walkley's "More Prejudice," it would appear that in England the author often receives the credit for a good

performance of a poor part he has written for the actor. The contrary is true in America—at least judging by the theatrical pages of the Sunday papers. Thus one may read of *Père Goriot* as "the character made famous by the acting of Lionel de Tantonville, who played it continuously on Broadway for eighteen months two years ago." This is bad enough, but when "*Le Père Goriot*" gets into the pictures, not only is the actor given credit for the character, but the title is changed to "Father Gets His," and the impression prevails that it is an original work by Adolph Zukor.



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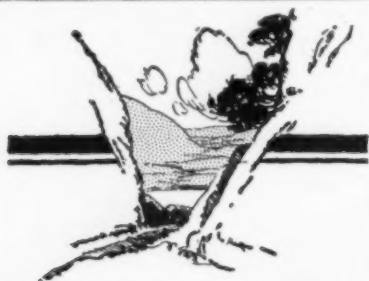
"THE MATE WANTS YER BACK AFT, BILL!"

"DOES 'E? WOT FOR?"

"I DUNNO WOT FOR; PER'APS 'E WANTS TO PLAY YER A GAME O' BILLIARDS."

—Passing Show (London).





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#### Spring! Gentle Spring!

(Note from the Editor: All copy for the Easter Number must be handed in not later than February 1.)

'Tis spring—and oh! how bright is  
All the land, sans taint or flaw;  
'Tis spring! (This laryngitis  
Is much worse. My throat is raw.)

The daffodils are blowing  
In their sea of liquid gold,  
The robin twits—(It's snowing  
And the radiator's cold.)

The wistful, budding crocus  
Carols softly to its mate,  
For the world is all in focus . . .  
(Damn that coal! It's full of slate.)

See the shepherd, gentle Caspar,  
Wave a kiss and heave a sigh  
For his mistress. (Pass the aspirin—  
In—my fever's running high.)

Banish wintry care and sorrow,  
Join the joyous vernal feast,  
Spring is here—(and for to-morrow:  
Cold and Cloudy, Wind—Northeast.)

Good Queen Mab, the royal fairy,  
Waves her magic wand (which means  
I must write in January  
For the April magazines.)

R. E. S.

#### The Home of the Brave

"Did you hear," asked Bates, "about the discovery of the Indian cave?"

"Yes," said I, "and located practically in the heart of New York City—around 200th Street and the Hudson River."

"Did you hear," continued Bates, "that the cave is going to be put into actual use as a dwelling? The idea is to show the public exactly how the first Americans lived. The cave will be restored as far as possible to its original appearance, and a family of Indians installed, and...visitors welcome, and all that sort of thing."

"Ho," said I. "First catch your Indian family."

"We have," said Bates. "Mr. and Mrs. George Armstrong Custer Flatfoot. They agree to occupy the cave in full Indian costume—with, of course, the usual days off in which they may dress as the rest of us."

"That's only fair," said I.


"Unfortunately, they want steam heat, hot and cold running water and electric light in the cave—also a gas stove."

"But won't that interfere a bit with the historical accuracy?" said I.

"That's just it," said Bates. "We tried to explain to them what a service they were performing in showing how the primitive redskin lived and warred with the elements. We told them how we'd supply them with plenty of blankets and rough cured hides. We told them we'd even have a good artist draw their wall drawings for them. But they couldn't see it that way."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"I suppose we'll have to compromise. They are really a splendid family, you know, with six or seven papooses and indefinite prospects. But besides the gas and electricity in the original cave, they want parquet floors, a bathroom, French windows, a Colonial fireplace, Chinese rugs and a four-poster or two. I suppose we'll have to agree and see how it works out. Of course, they'll all be there in the native costume from nine to five, and people can run up and



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get some sort of understanding as to how the American Indian lived long, long before there were any invading whites. It's really a nice idea, isn't it?"

"Bates," said I, "it's just splendid."  
H. W. H.

#### Winter Sports in Jonesville

"I HAVE just been out to the Good Samaritan Hospital to see an old customer of mine," said the gray-haired traveling salesman to the clerk at the Hotel New Trianon, Jonesville. "He broke two skis and a leg yesterday and as he is seventy-three it goes hard with him."

"Winter sports have changed a lot since I first made Jonesville, thirty years ago. I recall that men and women skated a little, on the creek; and once in a while there would be a bobsled party. But that was before the Sunday picture papers and sport-clothes came in. Nobody dreamed that some day it would be possible to sell a fifty-dollar pair of snowshoes to a dotard."

"Between golf in the summer and tobogganing in the winter some of these Jonesville business men haven't had on long pants since before the war."

McC. H.

#### A Long Three Minutes

MISTRESS (to new cook): How long do you boil eggs, Mary? They were a little too hard this morning.

MODERN KITCHEN QUEEN: Until I smoke a cigarette, ma'am, and some burn slower than others.

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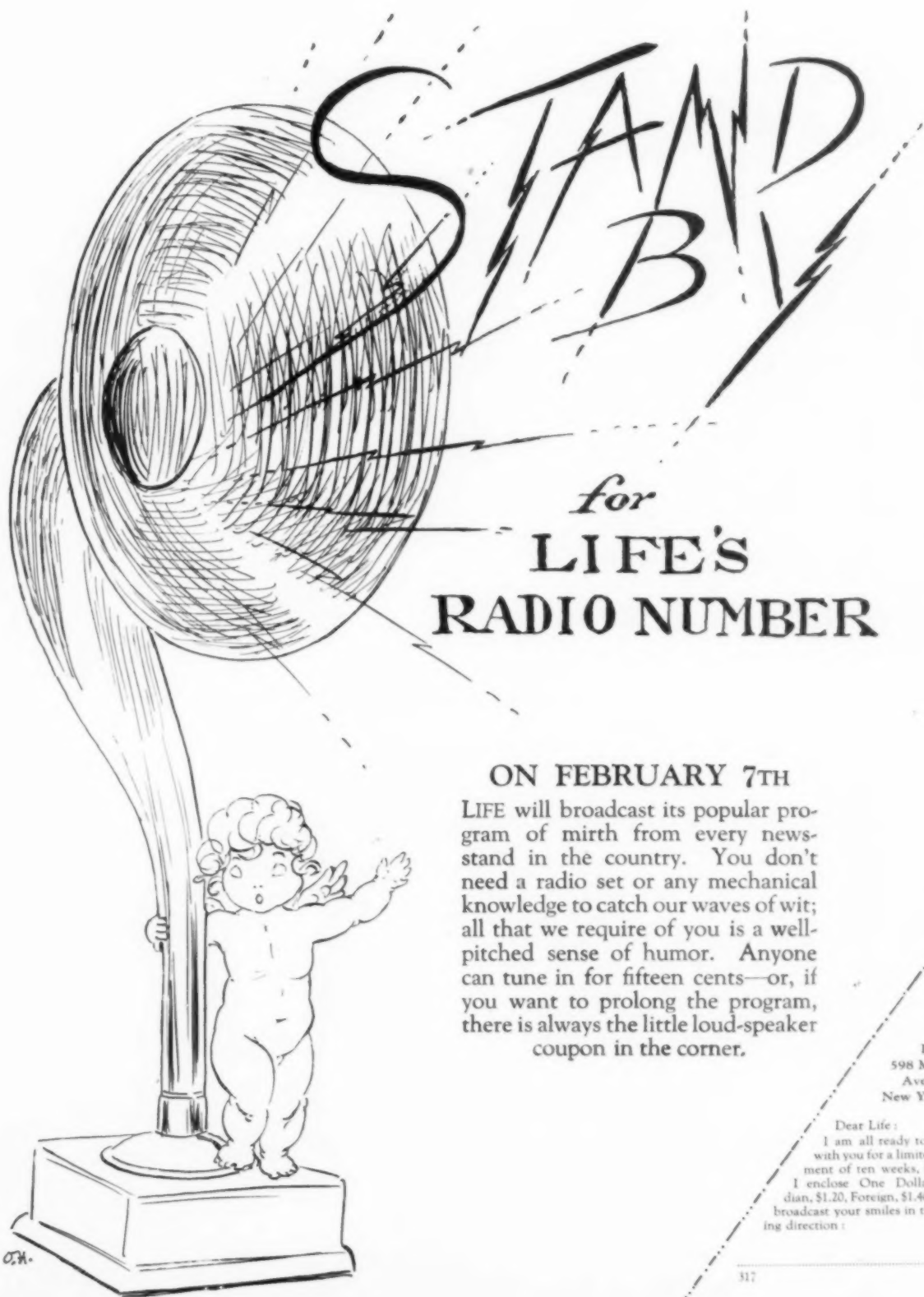
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